

NEW YORK
AS IT WAS
SIXTY YEARS AGO.

REMINISCENCES BY
HENRY TAYLOR.

NOLAN BRO'S PRINT,
67 & 69 FLEET ST., BROOKLYN.

1894.

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BY HENRY TAYLOR.

NEW YORK as it was sixty years ago, and the great changes that have been made since, can be but faintly realized or understood by reading only ; still, the writer will endeavor to present a picture of the city as it existed in his boyhood days. The people did not live so fast then, but enjoyed themselves as thoroughly, had more real comfort, and were possessed of more sociability, every man knowing his neighbor and calling him friend.

There were many places in the city at which their leisure hours could be passed pleasantly. The Battery was then a large, open park, containing many fine shade-trees, and fronted by handsome dwellings on State street and Market-field street, affording a delightful place for a promenade of a warm day or evening, not the least pleasant feature of which was the sniff of "old ocean" in the breeze from the harbor in front, the islands in the bay and the far-off hills of Staten Island and New Jersey furnishing the picturesque.

Governor's Island contained only two or three small houses, the soldiers' barracks and the fort. Bedloe's, now

spoken of as Liberty Island, was a pretty little island, with some trees on it, and one house. Ellis' Island was a very unattractive place, consisting simply of a sand-bar a little above high-water, and by the boys called Gibbet Island, because pirates were hung there, among them a white man named Gibbs and a colored man named Warmesley; the last of the pirates hung there was one named Davis, in 1852.

What is now known as Castle Garden was then an old fort, standing out from the Battery about three hundred feet, and approached by a bridge; it was afterward altered and opened as a garden by a Mr. French, and that famous singer, Jennie Lind, made her first appearance there.

Let us follow the promenaders up Broadway, and see it as it then was, in what the writer still considers its best days. Washington's Headquarters, at the corner of Marketfield street, the Bowling Green, and Atlantic Garden opposite, were the first places to attract attention. No stores or places of business were then to be found below Wall street, the thoroughfare being lined with handsome private dwellings. Grace Church was on the corner of Rector street, and Trinity opposite. St. Paul's, at the corner of Fulton street, stands now as it was when General Washington attended and belonged there.

On the corner of Ann street was Scudder's Museum, before Barnum's time, and Peale's Museum stood on Broadway, near Barclay street, where the "wild Indians of the West" were exhibited, to the wonder and alarm of all the small boys and girls.

City Hall Park then had five buildings in it; the Hall, with its white face and brown back, that still stands as a monument to the economy of our good old city fathers, who, in the belief that the city would not grow much above Chambers street, considered brownstone good enough for the country people to look at. On the Broadway side of

the Hall was the City Prison, standing a little back from the street, where its presiding spirit, Old Hays, the chief constable, could always be found if wanted. He was a man of very severe countenance, who never smiled, and was a terror to all evil-disposed persons. When he opened court he would rap on the desk, and, in a gruff voice, cry out: "Silence!" and perfect order and quiet reigned.

The police force of the city was then limited to a few constables, with Old Hays the chief for the day, and a regular watch force preserved the peace and quiet of the city at night, as well as guarding it from burglars and thieves.

EAST SIDE REMINISCENCES.

When the Erie Canal was finished and opened for the use of commerce in 1825, those small but useful boats that plied between New York and Buffalo were located at the foot of Broad street. They brought the grain and produce of the West to New York, and carried back large cargoes of merchandise in exchange. Some of these canal-boats had plain but convenient cabins, fitted up with all the accommodations of a river steamboat, and carried passengers from Albany to Buffalo, or any other distance on the canal, at the rate of two and a half cents a mile with board, or one and a half cents a mile without. This easy and comfortable way of traveling was preferred by many to the long and tiresome ride in the stage-coach or wagon, and was the great emigrant route to the West until the railroads were completed. Cottages were to be seen at long intervals where now stand flourishing towns and villages. But, to come back to New York as it was sixty or seventy years ago, we will go on to Coenties Slip, a very busy place. The canal-boats and small sea-going vessels discharged their cargoes there. The Slip extended then to Water

street, but it is now filled up, and a neat park has been made in its place.

All the wholesale flour and provision stores were in Broad, Front and Water streets. The large dry goods houses were in Hanover Square. At Old Slip was a market, and Fly Market was at the foot of Maiden Lane, situated in the wealthiest business part of the city. Wall street was then, as now, the financial centre. The lower part of Fulton street was a busy place, and Fulton Market ranked second to Washington in amount of business transacted. Fulton Ferry was a small concern; the boats ran only at long intervals, according to the signal given from a little village called Brooklyn, on the opposite shore.

Holt's Hotel, on the corner of Fulton and Water streets, was used as a telegraph station for the mercantile interests of the city. On the roof was built the signal house, where the signals to and from Sandy Hook, announcing the arrival of ships, were operated. Then telegraphing was done by signals from station to station, at various distances, until Morse invented the electric telegraph, which did away with Mr. Holt's plan. The building of that hotel was too much of an undertaking for Mr. Holt. He had made enough in business at Fulton Market to live at ease, but in erecting that large building he lost nearly all his honest earnings. From Fulton Ferry to Catharine Ferry the docks were occupied mostly by small vessels, and Peck Slip was the location for nearly all the boats that brought wood to the city.

OUR FIRST RESERVOIR.

On the Chatham street side of the City Hall was the Debtors' Prison (now the Hall of Records). It was pitiful to see the prisoners walking for exercise on the roof, incarcerated because unable to pay some trivial debt.

Near this prison was a large, round building, fronting on Chambers street, called the Rotunda. It was occupied after the big fire of '35 by the Post-Office, until the new Office was opened in Nassau street.

In the rear of the Hall, fronting on Chambers street, was the old Almshouse, a long, two-story building, containing Scudder's Museum and the Recorder's Court-room—the famous Judge Dickey Riker presided there.

On the corner of Elm and Reade streets the Manhattan Company had the well that supplied the city with water. A large steam engine was at work day and night pumping the water into a reservoir in Chambers street, from whence it was conveyed through wooden pipes to all parts of the city below Chambers street.

The water, from its source, was impure. The well that furnished it was on the border of the creek that formerly ran through what is now Canal, Centre and Roosevelt streets, to the East River. The water at last became undrinkable, and caused sickness wherever used. The Manhattan Company commenced boring for a new well in a lot on Bleeker street, between Broadway and Mercer street. In 1831 an engine was at work there for a long time. A building was erected in Mercer street, near Bleeker, intended for a new reservoir, but the city was growing fast, and the location was abandoned. A reservoir in Thirteenth street, near the Bowery, was then commenced, and a large well, about twenty feet in diameter, was started. This, it was thought, would be large enough to supply the city with good water; but, after the large hole for the well had been worked at for three or four years, the idea was abandoned, and in 1840 the good and wholesome Croton water was brought to the city. A grand turnout of the people celebrated the fact that New York had obtained a supply of pure water at last.

When the Manhattan water had become so bad that people could not use it, they depended instead on pumps and the spring-water carts, which supplied pure spring water at two cents a pailful. It was a profitable business. The water was brought from Knapp's well in Thirteenth street, near the old White Fort (or Fort Gansevoort). This fort stood out in the river, nearly surrounded by water, at the end of a narrow neck of land, which projected from the mainland a long distance, and Thirteenth street to-day is a part of that neck running down to the fort.

The White Fort, or Fort Gansevoort, stood out in the river, at the end of a narrow peninsula that extended from the mainland, from what is now Greenwich street; Thirteenth street was continued over it. Between Thirteenth and Hammond streets was a large cove, the water extending back to the high ground over which Greenwich was continued from Bank street.

There were three large houses on that ridge of high ground, standing a little back from the road, and surrounded by handsome gardens and lawns that extended to the fine, sandy beach of the cove. Here was a delightful place for bathing, and furnished the boys from far and near the pleasure of a salt water bath, with no one to disturb them in their fun. Washington and West streets ended at Hammond street; from Hammond to Christopher and from Hudson to the river was about the boundary of old Greenwich Village; but, as the city grew, so the village increased, and all that section of the city was called Greenwich. When New York was so terribly afflicted with the yellow fever in 1824, the whole lower part of the city was nearly deserted, except by doctors and nurses; grass grew in the streets, in which no persons were to be seen except a doctor on his rounds, or an undertaker with his wagon, driving in haste to remove the dead; the people had removed to the

upper part of the city and the country; the banks from Wall street were removed to the upper part of Greenwich Village, into Bank street (from that fact the street derived its name). When the pestilence disappeared at last the streets were again open for travel, and the people returned to their homes and places of business; the city soon recovered its former cheerfulness. The city grew fast, mostly on the north side, for Greenwich Village in a few years developed into a large business place, and in 1827 Mr. Asa Hall established a line of omnibuses, to run from the corner of Charles and Hudson streets to the lower part of Wall street, and the fare was 25 cents. This was the first regular line of stages established in New York. But Mr. Hall did not enjoy the sole privilege for many years. In 1830 Kip & Brown established their line of stages, in opposition to Mr. Hall, from the opposite corner of Hudson and Charles streets, and reduced the fare to 12½ cents.

As all large communities have a certain class among them that are not willing to live honest lives, it is necessary and proper to have places of confinement for all such offenders against the laws and the peace of society. The State Prison was in Amos street, its premises surrounded by a large, high stone wall extending from Amos, through Washington to Hammond, to the river front, and down to Amos. A guard on the corner of Hammond and Washington streets, armed with muskets, could be seen at all times, day or night, ready to shoot any poor fellow who might attempt to scale the wall in order to enjoy again his liberty.

OLD MARKETS.

In writing the reminiscences of New York as I remember it in my younger days, it may be advisable to look on each side of the city before going through the centre and upper part of the island to the Harlem River.

We therefore leave Greenwich at the old State Prison, and proceed along the river front. At Christopher street was the Greenwich Market, and at Spring street the Clinton Market; these two, and old Bear, or Washington, were the only markets on the north side of the city. There were only twelve markets for the whole city. Meat was not sold at retail anywhere but in the markets; it was unlawful to do so. Butcher shops were not allowed in the city, and the marketmen had a monopoly of the business, yet provisions were cheap. It was not necessary for a man to draw his check before he went to market, for every man or woman who had 25 cents in the pocket could buy a good dinner for a family of four or five persons at any time or at any market. Beef from 4 to 5 cents a pound; potatoes, 3 cents a small measure; butter, 8 cents per pound; and everything else in the same proportion. In 1834 the law was repealed, and butcher shops were allowed.

From Canal street to the old Red Fort at the foot of Beach street, on the river shore, nothing could be seen but saw-pits, in which nearly all the timber used was sawed, for there were no steam saw-mills to do the work. It was a large industry, and employed a large number of men.

At the foot of Harrison street, below the Red Fort, was the wholesale market for all kinds of farm produce brought to the city by the fine North River sloops and barges. Citizens could go to these boats and buy provisions of all kinds cheap and good. A tub of butter at 12 cents per pound; potatoes, 75 cents a barrel. A carman on his way home in the afternoon would stop and buy a bag of oats for 75 cents, and hay for 25 cents the hundred pounds. The farmer could send his farm produce by the sloop or barge from the town or village nearest to him, and the captain of the boat acted as his agent and sold for cash at the market price, making his return to the farmer when he

arrived back from the city, thus saving the profits of the middle, or commission man, and the delay and anxiety of waiting for an advance in prices. His ready cash was far better to him than waiting for the commissioner's check indefinitely. The North River sloops were noted all over for their neat appearance and fast-sailing quality. They made a fine picture sailing up and down the noble Hudson in large numbers, in front of the Palisades, on the Jersey shore.

Then the old Bear, or Washington Market, was the largest in the city, and always the most popular and busiest place in the town. There is no market in the country that has done the amount of business transacted in this old Washington Market. Now it is hard to define the boundary of this old landmark.

The foot of Cortlandt street was a busy place. The Albany steamboats left there, and the day-boats were always well-laden with passengers, on a trip of pleasure or business.

The way to Philadelphia by steamboat from Marketfield street to South Amboy, and from there by rail to Philadelphia, was the favorite route, with fine boats and popular captains.

And as we go up Broadway we find nothing but fine dwelling houses and a few small stores. Canal street there was formerly a creek, which ran across the city from the North to the East River, along what is now Canal, Centre and Roosevelt streets, to the river. And there was Church street, and Chapel street ran from Barclay to Canal street. Chapel street was widened, and is now West Broadway, and continued through Laurence street, which was widened also, to correspond in width. In Laurence street there was a large theatre, near Canal street, called the Lafayette. It was burned down in 1831. The St. John's Church, in

Varick street, has never been altered, but stands the same familiar landmark, with its high steeple to be seen many miles away. There was a fine, large park (St. John's Park) in front of it. Now, the Hudson River Railroad Depot, for freight, occupies the whole of the park ground. Dr. Cox's Church was on the corner of Laight and Varick streets, and Dr. Tappen's Church in Spring, near Varick street.

We continue our walk up Broadway, then a fine, handsome street, with large poplar trees on both sides, for shade and ornament. Mr. John G. Coster built a large house between Spring and Prince streets, and lived there. The building was used, after he moved away, as Barnum's Museum, and was burned out in 1868. John J. Astor built a large house at 587 Broadway, where he lived and died. On the southwest corner of Prince street was the large Military Garden, and Niblo's on the opposite side, where it now is, and St. Thomas' Church, on the corner of Houston street. A. Brower's line of stages ran from Bond to Wall street. The Sailors' Snug Harbor was on the corner of Ninth street. It is now on Staten Island.

Broadway continued on above the old Arsenal, that stood where what is now Madison Square, at or near Twenty-fifth street, fronting the old Cato road—which branched off to the right from the Broadway road at this point—and continued to where the Fourth avenue now crosses at Thirty-second street, and then it took a long turn to the left and over Murray Hill, and at Forty-second street it turned to the right, and crossed Third avenue at Forty-third street to where the Second avenue now is, and continued, gradually turning towards the Third avenue, which it joined at Sixty-seventh street. The famous Cato, a colored man, kept a popular public house on the road, at about Fifty-first street. His place was known to New

Yorkers as a sure place to stop at when out for a ride in the Summer or sleigh-riding in the Winter. It was natural to expect, and to have, six weeks' good sleighing every Winter.

The Third avenue continued to the Harlem River. At One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street there was a road, called Harlem Lane, which ran down to the river, opposite Randall's Island. This, and the road at Ninety-second street to Hell Gate Ferry, with the road at Twenty-fifth street running to the Bellevue Prison, were the only roads above Thirteenth street running to the river. At the prison they had a treading-mill for the prisoners to work at. It was a large, wide wheel, arranged so that the men had to keep moving, like walking up stairs, holding on to a log bar that extended in front of them. This was one way of punishment, and another was to send them out in gangs to work on the roads, with a large iron ball chained to one leg. On One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street there was another road running west to McComb's Dam, on the Harlem River. This was another famous place for sporting men and others to drive to for an afternoon ride. On the corner of Third avenue and this road, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, a man named Bradshaw kept a public house. He was a sporting man, and fond of betting. He would bet on anything or with any person who came into his place, and for any amount of money. One day two men called on Bradshaw, and, after the sporting fashion of taking a drink the first thing, they talked about betting. They proposed to bet Bradshaw five dollars that he could not keep time with his hand to the motion of the pendulum of his big clock and say, "Here she goes and there she goes," without missing a single beat of the pendulum, for one hour. So he sat down in front of his big clock and commenced: "Here she goes and there she goes;" and

while he was earnestly engaged looking at his clock, one of the men contrived to rob his house of a large sum of money and other things. A few minutes before the time was up the two men hastily got in a wagon and drove away, leaving Bradshaw still keeping time with "Here she goes and there she goes." That trick played on Bradshaw was the beginning of that much used slang, "There she goes and here she goes."

The Broadway, or Bloomingdale Road, ended at Kingsbridge. A little village called Bloomingdale, and one called Manhattanville, were the only settlements on the road to Kingsbridge. The Arsenal that stood on the corner of Cato's road and the Bloomingdale Road, on what is now Madison Square, was removed, and the House of Refuge was built there, and after a fire had damaged it the Refuge was removed to Randall's Island. The Middle Road, or Boston Post Road, commenced at the Cato road. At Fourth avenue and Thirty-second street it went over Murray Hill to Forty-second street. It there turned to the left, to the line of Fifth avenue, or the ground intended for a city burying ground, but was never used for that purpose. The Crystal Palace was built on the ground near Sixth avenue in 1853, but now the Fifth Avenue Reservoir occupies nearly half the ground, and a park the rest; so when the avenue was opened on the west side of Murray Hill it joined the Middle Road, so Fifth avenue is the old Middle Road. Between this road and Third avenue, on Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets, and now Fourth avenue, was the Potter's Field, a large burying ground. At the foot of Murray Hill, between Thirty-second street, Middle Road and the Cato road, was a large pond, called Sunfish Pond. And the Cooper glue factory was on the banks of the Cato road side of the pond. It must be remembered that none of the here mentioned cross-roads were opened

at the time we are writing about (1828); only the surveyor's mark was there, to locate where the street would be when opened.

There are a few more places we remember of in our younger days on this Manhattan Island. There was the Cedar Creek, a large, wide stream of water, commencing, a small stream, at what is now Madison Square, the east side, and now Madison avenue; the water, from the high ground of the west side of Murray Hill, ran along the low ground where Madison avenue now is, crossing the Cato road, and into a pond called Logus Pond, between Third and Fourth avenues, and then crossed Third avenue into Cedar Creek, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets; and from there the creek was wide, running to the East River at or near the foot of Thirteenth street. There Sandy Gibson lived, and kept boats to hire out by the day or hour. It was a noted place for New Yorkers to go and be accommodated with a boat and fishing supply for a day's sport. And we have seen that large creek in Winter frozen over with strong, thick ice, and thousands of men and boys enjoying the pleasures of good skating from morn to late at night; and I have been one of the vast crowd.

There was a large pond of water where Tompkins Square now is, called Stuyvesant's Pond, and another on the west side, where Jefferson Market stands, at Sixth and Greenwich avenues, called the Cortelyou Pond. What is now Astor Place was a short street, called Art street. It ran from Broadway to Third avenue, at Ninth street, and there joined Stuyvesant street, or road, which ran southeast to the foot of Thirteenth street. St. Mark's Church was on this road, and is there now, and looks about the same as it did when I first saw it in 1824.

Peter G. Stuyvesant lived on this road about where Avenue A crosses, and his ground ran to the shore of the

cove that extended in as far as Avenue C now is, and curved, like a half-moon, to the Bellevue Prison, or high ground foot of Twenty-fifth street. Cedar Creek entered into this cove a little east of the Stuyvesant ground. There were three large houses near where Tenth street crosses the old road (Stuyvesant street). Hamilton Fish lived in one of them, and, I believe, was born there. I knew Mr. Fish when he was a boy. Among the old, familiar places there, was Vauxhall Garden, in the Bowery, below Art street. It ran through to Broadway, with an entrance opposite Sixth street, before Lafayette Place was opened through the middle of it.

In those former days they executed all criminals, condemned to be hung, in public. A man named Johnson was hung at the crossing of Thirteenth street and now Second avenue, in 1824, and another man of the same name was hung east of Third avenue, about Twenty-first street and Second avenue, in 1827. Those were the last public executions in New York. That disagreeable work is now done in private, within prison walls, according to law.

Having looked over the city, and the whole island, from the Battery to the Harlem River, we can now speak of the customs and ways of the good people of New York, as we remember the good old days of over seventy years ago (1820). The people were social, and plain in their way of living. There were not many very rich men, nor many very poor. The most people were in moderate circumstances, and lived prudent, happy lives. Mechanics' wages were from eight to twelve shillings a day for good workmen, and that was considered good pay, and so it was in those days (1820 to 1830), because living was cheap. Mechanics boarded for about ten shillings a week. Marketing was cheaper. Good beef sold for 4 and 5 cents a pound; vegetables were low, and butter 8 cents a pound.

Twenty-five cents would buy a good dinner for a family of five or six persons.

But the education of boys and girls was not so cheap and easy to get as now. There were no public schools, and parents had to send their children to some private pay-school. Boys at the age of 14 or 15 were anxious to learn a trade or profession, and were not content until they had accomplished their wish. It was the custom in those days for parents to bind their boys at some trade until they were 21 years old. The practice was a good one for some boys, if they had a good master to serve—one who would keep them to work at the trade, and not send them to do all sorts of work at his house, work only fit for the hired servant girl, as many masters did. It was not the practice of all master mechanics to teach their apprentice boys in an improper way, but there were many who did, and it was no wonder that so many apprentice boys ran away, for they learned nothing about the trade, but had to work hard for their board money and a little for clothing.

The New York boys were pretty good boys; their manners, their ways and their associates were good. They did not drink or smoke; no boy or young man would be seen smoking a cigar or pipe in the street; it was not a custom to do so. Nor would you ever see small boys throwing dice on the sidewalk, or in the park gambling for money. Nothing like that could ever be seen in old New York. There were no penny papers published, with their extra, every afternoon. The only papers published were the large: morning and evening papers, issued to subscribers only, at ten dollars a year, and four or five weekly papers, but *no* Sunday papers (1830). The only protection the city had against crime was Old Hays and a few constables in the daytime, and the regular watchman at night.

We cannot forget the old Volunteer Fire Department—

what it was to be a fireman in those long-past years, when Uriah Wenman was chief engineer, followed by James Gulick, and John Riker, after Gulick was removed against the wishes of the great majority of the firemen. On the night that Gulick was removed by the Common Council there was a large fire; it broke out about 12 o'clock, at the foot of Spring street. The news of Gulick's removal was soon known among the firemen, and they determined to show in some way their disapproval of that act of the Common Council. So, after the fire was put out, about 7 o'clock in the morning, we started for home; the men turned their caps, the hind part in front, and some drew their engines home tail first. It made a great deal of fun for the people who saw us going home to the engine-house. The removal of Gulick was to him a great benefit, for he was nominated by the Whig party and elected Register at the next election. A fireman had to keep himself prepared at all hours, day and night, to respond to an alarm of fire, and run to the engine-house, or for the engine, if it had left for the fire. A fireman would sleep with his bedroom window partly open, and with his fire-clothes at his bedside, and would hear the first stroke of a bell for an alarm of fire, and in great haste would get up, and, while only half dressed, he would hurry to the street with his coat on his arm, and finish dressing while running to the engine-house. Every engine had its volunteer company, besides the regular firemen. They were all under 21 years of age, and took great pride in their engine. They were generally more active than the regular members, and it was not a prudent thing for any outsider to say a word against their machine. The question has often been asked if I thought the old volunteer Department was as efficient as the paid Department now is. There can be but one answer to such a question; that is, No! But consider; the old firemen had a small

hand-engine, and they had to run a mile or more, and drag their engines to the fire; then they had to form a line and draw all the water from the river, or some large public cistern—and private ones, too, if they could find any near by. The men had to work their engines, and work hard, too, for if their engine was in a line they would not let the engine behind wash, or give them more water than they could take. All the engines were of the same size, $6\frac{1}{4}$ inch cylinder, except two, Nos. 5 and 27; they had $6\frac{3}{4}$ inch cylinders, and could therefore give or take more water than any of the other engines; so they did not get as much credit if they washed another engine; but if one of them got washed it caused a great deal of fun all along the line. And another thing we must consider is, we had no hose-carts—as they were called—until after the Croton water was brought to the city, in 1840. They were a great relief and benefit to the whole Department, leading water enough and near to every fire.

The paid firemen have none of the hardships to contend with that the volunteer firemen had. They sleep at the engine-house, ready for an alarm of fire by the telegraph in the house. They slide down a brass rod to the engine floor and get on the engine or tender, and, with well-trained horses, are soon at the fire; and after attaching hose to the hydrant, they have steam to do all the work of throwing the water on the fire to put it out. The men go home with the engine as they came, and find a pleasant place to rest. It was not so with the old firemen. They had to go to their daily employment, to support themselves and families. It is right and just that the old firemen of New York should ever be remembered with gratitude for their self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of saving property or the lives of their fellow citizens from the devouring rage of fire.

But there was another custom we enjoyed in New York. According to law, it was the duty of every male citizen over 21 years of age to serve the State in the militia at least three days every year, parade and review, unless exempted by law. There was a quick way of finding out and enrolling all men in some regiment of the State militia, and no questions asked about it. In the Fall of each year a citizen, when he got home from his shop or business, might expect some evening to find a regular military notice for him to meet on the corner of some street named, near his home, on some morning of day named, at 8 o'clock, armed and equipped according to law, with musket, bayonet and belts, for parade and inspection. So, on the morning of the day named, after bidding his family a tearful farewell, he would go to the place named to see his captain, and join with others for a day of military duties, according to law. He would meet on the corner a large number of men, waiting to see the captain, and when he came, dressed in full uniform, with sword at his side, he looked nice and felt big. Nearly every man he met had an excuse to offer, and expected to get off for the day. Some had sickness at home in the family, and must be there. The captain would hear all sorts of excuses, and come to the conclusion that he must deny all, or he would not have many left to take to the colonel and join his regiment with; so he would close his book and give the word of command, "Fall in! Attend to roll-call!" With the aid of the curbstone he could form a straight line. He would walk around his company, inspecting them, noting those that were equipped according to law, if any. Some would have a musket and belts, some would have an old musket and no belts, some only a single barrel shotgun; all would have something to shoot with, if occasion required it. The captain would then march his company, in double file, to meet the colonel and

the other companies of the regiment. The colonel would form the regiment and march them to some parade ground, for a day of parade and review. From the first of October to the middle of November there would be one or more regiments march up Broadway or the Bowery in the morning, and return in the afternoon, with a good band of music at their head. In November the Court Marshals would meet to try those delinquent fellows who had disregarded the law—and there were plenty of them, who got off with a fine of one or three dollars. There were two men, Davey and Gulick, who had the collecting of all military fines. And nearly all the young men knew old One-eye Davey, as he was called, for either Davey or Gulick had been after them some time, to collect a fine. Old Davey would chase a man at his home, his business place, or in the street, to get his fee, if no more. The boys—and men, too—used to play all manner of tricks on old Davey, especially when he visited a market after some butcher boy, to collect his fine; he was sure to be roughly used, but he would get some one to talk to about his fine; the butcher would plead bad market, and try to put Davey off with a promise, as he had done before. Davey would reply to all the fine talk by saying, "I want my money," and, turning his back to the unfortunate butcher, with hands behind him and open palms, would say: "I must have the money, or I'll take you to see the colonel;" that meant to jail, and the unfortunate debtor would put twenty-five or fifty cents in the palm of Davey's hand, and he would say, "Good-by, I'll see you again soon;" but Davey would not give the man another call for at least one year. The militia law was always a great annoyance, and the only good it ever did was to cause many good citizens to join a regular uniformed company or the Fire Department, which exempted them from that law, and jury duty, also.

We will look at the east side again, going up Chatham street. It was a busy street, with many stores in it, but no ready-made clothing, for there were none of those stores in the whole city. A person wishing to purchase clothing had to go to a tailor and be measured for what he wanted. There was a theatre in Chatham street, near Pearl. It stood back from the street, and the entrance was from Chatham street through a long, wide passageway. It was turned into a church, called Chatham Street Chapel, and the famous Dr. Finney preached there. The Chatham Theatre was near Roosevelt street, and another small theatre, called the Franklin, near James street. Chatham Street Museum was opposite the theatre. The long and well-remembered play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was first played in the Chatham Theatre, in 1840.

East Broadway was formerly called Harmon street, and it was not a very attractive street. But after it was opened and made wider, to its present width, and built up with fine, large, three and four-story dwelling houses, and the name changed to East Broadway, it was one of the finest streets in the city. This, with Henry, Madison and Monroe streets running parallel with it, and nothing but handsome two or three-story brick dwelling houses in them, made the Seventh Ward one of the best and cleanest in New York. Nearly all the Quakers of the city lived in this ward, and their meeting-house was in Hester street, corner of Elizabeth. Dr. Krebs' Church was built on the corner of Rutgers and Henry streets. It had a large and fashionable congregation, but the up-town moving of so many of the congregation gave the trustees an excuse for selling the church to another denomination, suitable for the new and foreign class of people that was so fast settling in the Seventh Ward. But there is still one church that is remembered with a sacred love by the old members of the church,

and residents of the ward, for its past history. It was built in 1817, on the corner of Henry and Market streets, formerly called St. George street; this street had a bad reputation, but after it was reformed, and built up with nice two-story brick houses, and its name changed to Market street, that whole section of the Seventh Ward became one of the most desirable locations of the city to live in, and Market Street Church was one of the best attended in the city. The Rev. Wm. McMurray was the first minister, until 1836, when Dr. Isaac Ferris came from Albany and took charge of the church, which grew to a big, powerful organization. But about 1850 the foreign population was increasing so fast, and so many of the old citizens of the ward were moving away to new homes up-town and to Brooklyn, that Market Street Church was almost deserted by all the old citizens of the ward. In 1853 Dr. Ferris was made Chancellor of the University in Washington Square. In June, 1853, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, a young minister 31 years old, from Trenton, N. J., became the pastor, and by his energy, and earnest labor of love for the Master, he soon revived the drooping spirits of the church, and filled the hearts of thousands with love and devotion to him as a preacher, pastor and friend.

For seven years Dr. Cuyler labored in Market Street Church with great success. Thousands of young men from all parts of the city and country filled the church to overflow every Sunday evening to hear him. It was there, and in that church, that Dr. Cuyler commenced his brilliant and unsurpassed career as a pastor, and is now known and loved in every part of this, his native land—and England, too. In 1860 Dr. Cuyler was called to a small church in Brooklyn, corner of DeKalb avenue and Oxford street; but it was soon found that the building was too small, and they built the large church corner of Lafayette avenue

and Oxford street, and for thirty years Dr. Cuyler was the pastor; but he resigned in 1890, that he might have needed rest from the care of so large a church, and Dr. Gregg is now his good and worthy successor.

The old Market Street Church, after Dr. Cuyler left, had the Rev. Mr. Murray as pastor for two years, and Dr. Dutcher succeeded Mr. Murray. But the church attendance continued to fall off, and in 1866 it was sold to the Sea and Land Association, to be kept for the benefit of the working people of that part of the city. It was given out that Market Street Church was to be sold at auction to the highest bidder. The rumor was received with sorrow and regret by all who had ever enjoyed the privilege of association in that church with Dr. Cuyler and other good pastors. Being desirous to see and attend again the old church before it was sold, we attended it one evening a few months ago, and the sensation and delight to me was like as if, after an absence of many years from a dear old home, to again visit the place of former days and years of comfort and pleasure; to see all things about the home just as it was in years past, gives one a feeling of joy and pleasure that words cannot express. And as we sat in the old pew as in former years, we saw everything just as it was forty years ago, when our loved pastor, Dr. Cuyler, was there, holding up so faithfully the light of the world to so many people of the Seventh Ward of the city. We thought of those happy days when we were led to see, believe and trust that light to guide us over the rough and troublesome pathway of this, our earthly pilgrimage, to our Father's house above. The thought of offering to sell the old Market Street Church, to be removed and its place to be occupied by tenement houses, and perhaps low saloons and places of sinful traffic, was not pleasant, but a cause of sorrow and regret. Think what was the condition of that part of

the city when the street was called St. George street. It was nothing but a place of sin and misery. But when the old church was built there (1817) and the name changed to Market street, the whole street, and that section of the city, was changed, and became one of the best and most respectable parts of the city. And Market Street Church was the main cause of the great change and reform. Now, after such a career of usefulness and influence for good, it ought not to be removed. There is now a small congregation of regular attendants, and a Sabbath School. The church ought not to be removed, for the sake of the children and the honest working people of the Seventh Ward. Again I say, the church should not be sold; let it stand there, and the old bell continue to ring as usual, calling all within its sound to come to the Light, that they may see, believe, and be saved.

The increase of New York in population and business during the last fifty years has been wonderfully large. Nothing will more clearly show this than a look at the work of the Post-Office—the way it was done fifty years ago, and now. Employees in the Post-Office have a common grievance, viz.: hard work. Not for the most part laborious, but a constant exercise of hand and brain. From experience I can testify how it was in 1846, and a long time after; and a few incidents may be of interest to the reader. At 5:30 in the morning employees were required to be at work, until the morning mails were all dispatched, when the whole force went to breakfast. By 9:30 work recommenced, and continued until the afternoon. Mails were all sent off, and all the mail matter in the office worked up. Newspapers were distributed on three tables—North, East, South and West—by six men, two at each table. This force began early, by 4:15, so as to have all that had accumulated through the night distributed, and in order to be ready to

distribute the daily papers, that began to come in at 5 o'clock. These had preference over all other printed matter. The letters were made up in bundles, with a bill for every Post-Office in one of the bundles; they were wrapped in paper and tied up. This all took time and trouble; that is now dispensed with. The letters were taken to the newspaper tables and there distributed in leather bags, locked up, and sent off. Letters and newspapers with optional payment for stamp were not used, and the postage on unpaid matter was paid on delivery. There were less than seventy names on the pay-roll of the New York Post-Office, and thirty carriers for the whole city to Twenty-first street. All above that was considered to be in Yorkville, and a daily mail was sent there *via* the Harlem Railroad. There was great sociability among the clerks, and a friendly feeling was manifested to all. No improper language was used nor loud talking permitted, and every one worked long and hard, cheerfully and contentedly. Pay was better then than now, because money would go further. Eight hundred dollars then was better than one thousand now. Rents were lower, provisions cheaper; every one lived within walking distance of the Post-Office, and consequently had no car-fare to pay. By ordinary economy, the Post-Office clerk of 1846 could save a little of his month's pay, and enjoy many of the refinements as well as the comforts of a home.

The first United States postage stamps were issued in 1847. It was a brown, five-cent stamp, and was about the size of the stamp previous to those now in use, and bore the likeness of Benjamin Franklin. Although the work of the Post-Office has largely increased, requiring twenty branch offices and near three thousand men to do the work, yet, by the efforts of Mr. Dayton, our good and able Postmaster, the labor of the employees has been greatly

reduced by his successful appeal for more men, and dividing the force into three tours of eight hours' work each day and night continually. There are now two hundred and fifty-three men employed in the newspaper department, and the increase of work in all the other departments has been equally large.

Having reviewed this city and county as we knew it from forty to seventy years ago, we think of those days with pleasure when the streets were all lighted with oil-lamps; when our churches and our homes were lighted with candles and oil-lamps, before and long after gas was introduced into the city; and nothing was used but wood for fuel to warm our houses and cook with, until hard coal was discovered and used as fuel, about 1833 or 1834. We have seen New York when it was a small city, but full of life and energy; we have seen it grow to its present size, the largest and most influential city of our land, unsurpassed by any in wealth, in learning, and distinguished for its many institutions of benevolence and charity—its homes for the aged, the asylums for the orphan child, its many churches, and the home of so many devout and earnest Christian workers, both men and women, who have grown like the palm tree and abide among us, to show to all the way to happiness and to God. So then, kind reader, as you walk along this rough and often deceitful, sandy road of life, remember you are growing, and the way is for you to determine. Let me, then, urge you to grow like the palm-tree, a native of the East; and the country where our Saviour visited is eminent for its palm-trees. It also grows in the sandy soil of the desert, and serves as a telegraph to the weary traveler, to direct him to the nearest fountains, for deep down in the soil it sends its roots until they find the hidden spring of water, and there, amid the hot desert sands, it flourishes and grows strong, tall and erect. So the Christian, draw-

ing all his strength and nourishment from the unseen fountain of the abounding grace of God, stands as a signal on earth, to point the way to holiness. But the Christian, like the palm-tree, receiving all his nourishment from the unseen source of Divine grace, is ever spreading his fruits on every side, making sweet the atmosphere of the Christian home with thanksgiving and praise to God. The palm-tree is also famous for its yield of delicious dates in large abundance. So the Christian, by a life of devoted attachment to his Master, should so direct his ways that all may see that he is sustained by the Divine grace, while, resigned and cheerful, he waits his time, ever shedding forth the fruits of righteousness, making glad the hearts of those who are within the pure atmosphere of his daily life, until, ripe with years, his fruits are ready for his Saviour's banquet-hall.

Let it be ours, then, as we contemplate the beauty of the palm-tree, to behold the fit emblem of a growing faith in Christ, so to regulate our daily life, assisted by His grace, that we may grow, like the palm-tree, among the sterile sands and along the thorny road of life, standing as beacon-lights to all around us !

